*Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.*

*Portia.* I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
*I* loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
*I* would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
*I* would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne, *I am then*
So will *I* neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That *I* had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me, and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say; but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; ô these naughty times
puts barres betweene the ovvners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
eck To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

*Por.* Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
vvhat treason there is mingled with your loue.

*Bass.* None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

*Por.* I but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
vvhere men enforced doe speake any thing.





*Bass.* Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

*Portia.* Well then, confesse and liue.

*Bass.* Confesse and loue,
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me a answeres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Portia.* Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
*Nerryssa* and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison *musicke*
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique then? Then musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy,
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,*
*Or in the hart, or in the head?*
*How begot, how nourished?* *Replie, replie.*



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